



Eighth Year, No. 45

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1915

Per Year \$1.50

Peter Maclean Writes

Editor C.A.L.:

After reading "Small Ratepayers" letter over several times, to try and understand what he is really writing about I have come to the conclusion that the extraordinary offering appearing above his name is beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals like myself.

I do not claim to be pretentious, but I have endeavored as far as lies within the scope of my ability to state a few facts relating to the civil life of the community in which we live.

Whether I have succeeded or not in giving the citizens of Gleichen a clearer and more intelligent understanding of some of the problems that confront the council and those who have the best interests at heart, only time will show.

There has at no time been any attempt to hide the identity of "Ratepayer" nor has he written anything in any of his letters that he would be ashamed of. The suggestion that I welcomed "Small Ratepayer" letter because it afforded me an opportunity to come back, is an unworthy one, as in indeed are the innuendoes and aspersion in the letter.

I feel rather flattered at the back-handed compliment he pays me when he ascribes to me the authorship of all three letters. I have found of old personality but a triple, never. He appears to be some kind of a super-Sherlock Holmes from whom such diverse offering sentences he is able to derive that the writer of the three letters is one and the same person. Now, I know for a positive fact that Mr. Service is the author of his own letters and it can't be very nice for me to see another get the credit.

"Small Ratepayer" appears to be something of a Doubting Thomas, for in face of my statement of recent available facts regarding the Board of Trade he intimates that he is not yet convinced.

Now, here are some more facts: In 1912, Mr. J. T. Johnston was appointed secretary-treasurer of the Board of Trade at a salary of \$100 a year. He actually received \$50 for his services. In February, 1913, he was re-appointed, and as mentioned. He received for the year \$25.

The last meeting of the Board of Trade was in July, 1913, when they signed up a contract for advertising. Then they shuffled off the mortal coil, leaving the town to meet the innuendoes and aspersion of the under-thrust of a law-suit and a good deal of undesirable publicity for the town.

I have in my possession a power of attorney drawn up and witnessed by Mr. Corey and signed by Mr. Johnston, authorizing me to open all correspondence to the Board of Trade as well as the other bodies he was secretary for.

This dispels absolutely of the cruel suggestion that I am guilty of a criminal offense—opening mail that was not addressed to me.

And this is the thanks I get for so much for the town and district. I undertook the work of my own free will; asked for no salary and expected none. But when someone writes me in this opinion regarding the Gleichen district I shall turn the letter over to "Small Ratepayer" the exponent of illiteracy perpetuated.

Now, as regards that other intimation, that I let party politics enter into my views. I made a

(Continued on page 6)

Important Agricultural Meeting on February 3

The Minister of Agriculture for Alberta has arranged for a farmers meeting to be held in the Opera House in Gleichen on Wednesday afternoon next, February 3rd, at 1:30 o'clock.

The Department has engaged Mr. J. C. Smith, agricultural expert of the Oregon and Washington Railway Navigation Company, Portland, Oregon, and Mr. James McGill of Edmonton, Alberta, to address this meeting.

These gentlemen are fine speakers and are excellently qualified to discuss agricultural topics of the day.

It is the endeavor to make this meeting a success, and it is safe to say that all who are interested in agriculture in any way will miss anything in any of his letters that he would be ashamed of.

Gleichen Liberal Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Gleichen Liberal Association was held in the Opera House on Friday evening last at which it is said the attendance was not very large and only a little business transacted.

The election of officers being brought up the following were duly elected: President, J. H. Scott, secretary, F. C. Vigar, treasurer, C. J. Bay.

The executive committee: Duncan McLean, Mike Brown, T. L. Beach, N. N. Hayes, J. J. Laycock, W. C. McMillan and C. J. Bay.

The question of nominating delegates to attend the convention, for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the Dominion House of Commons for Bow Valley riding to be held in Calgary this afternoon, being brought up Messrs H. Scott, F. C. Vigar and Dr. Farquhar were duly selected.

The only instructions given the delegates was that they should be expected to vote for a man residing in the riding providing one receives the nomination.

It was intimated that it was like the case of the names of Messrs. Foster of Berry Creek, Clifford E. Bally of Calgary and George Lane of Banquo, who would likely be the gentlemen to receive nomination.

Mr. Foster is a stockbreeder at Berry Creek and is also largely interested in ranching and other business and well known throughout the riding.

Wm. Service Replies

Editor C.A.L.:

I see by the notice above "Small Ratepayer" again that you invite letters re questions of public interest. I fall to see what interest the public can have in such a jumbled-up concern as "Small Ratepayer" has the audacity to ask you to print. It puts me reminded Scotch brood. What's that? But what's that?

Nothing but sarcasm. He says he is a Britisher and thinks it is his duty to display a little of the heroism that his fellows are displaying across the pond. Yet he has not the nerve to give his name to the public. Oh I tell you, he is a hero, with the emphasis on the "O."

He says it is a big job to tackle three different writers at once, especially when he makes the guess that they are something of the Trinity he used to hear of in Sunday school. Yes, I tell you he is something of a hero. Now, sir, for his information I want to say that I have nothing to do with a trinity of men on my own feet and have enough reason to sign my name at the end of my letter.

In my last letter to you I said I was glad to see "Small Ratepayer" letter because I thought his letter had some very good ideas.

I was more than surprised with the letter, which, incidentally, when he had the help of a high school friend. I think he had better try and get one more high school friend to help him, and then he would have a trinity of his high school friends.

He also says that I accuse him of having more education than I have. And why shouldn't I, when he talks of his high school friends?

Now, sir, I wish to repeat what I have already said about sidewalks. If he takes the trouble to look over the minutes of the council meeting he will find some motions there regarding sidewalks which I helped put through, and which I am sure the present council intend to construct just as soon as they can get the money to do so.

The council of Gleichen have a hard row to hoe owing to the smallness of our townsite, but I am fairly well they will do their best for all concerned.

I am still of the opinion that we have one of the best towns in Alberta and one of the best men in the town, especially when it is in the interest of Gleichen.

I also want to say a word for the employees of the town. I have seen heartily of the town, trying to reduce their salaries, which I think would be a very foolish thing to do.

I consider it very poor policy when one has an efficient employee to let him go just because we can get someone who nobody knows anything about to work for less money, and eventually he finds out to his sorrow that he has bungled things so badly that it will cost more than the difference in salary to have straightened out.

The town of Gleichen has a good staff of employees who are not drawing nearly as much salary as some towns are paying for a whole lot less competent officials. So I say, let them work enough alone.

William Service.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Buy your old accounts! We will

sell them for you. Send them today! Town evening Mayor and Mrs. Bray entertained a number of their friends at a most enjoyable card party.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Curran returned last week after spending month's holidays at Chicago and other eastern points.

Mrs. R. B. Hayes and children returned a week ago after visiting her mother in Idaho for a couple of months and is much improved in health as a result.

All Oddfellows are requested to attend the meeting of Prairie Lodge No. 41, next Monday night, Feb. 2nd, when the nomination and election of officers will take place. It is expected that the Grand Master will be in attendance.

In the report of the town council last issue the C.A.L. was in error in stating that Al. Hogg outlined a scheme for consideration to purchase the electric light plant from F. C. Vigar. We should have stated that his scheme was to purchase power from the electric light plant to operate the town pumping plant.

First prize in the contest for the best letter written by a woman was won by Mrs. Williams, who delivered a most interesting and well presented paper at a winter drive party, which dancing was indulged in.

As a result of the winter drive Mrs. Douglas Harrison, who was presented with a beautiful butter dish as the ladies prize and Mr. C. A. Millie with a handsome wallet.

Present report on the opening of the most enjoyable evening of their lives and before leaving expressed their highest appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Williams as entertainers.

To Mrs. Williams they credit the very best supper ever served in the Gleichen district.

The Union Sunday School, which meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock in the Methodist Church will present a special program next Sunday morning, Jan. 31st, in being "Temperance Sunday", at the usual hour. A cordial invitation is extended to any and all who can possibly be present.

The hockey team of Golden Jubilee Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of Gleichen, played the return game in the Golden Jubilee of the Valley Lodge, Bassano on the Bassano last Wednesday, and game home with the big and the big.

The game was a fast and grilling battle from start to finish as the teams of both lodges are composed of many of the best players in the province. One of the features of the game was the brilliant work of Geo. Ball in goal for the home team. His quick work saved many goals and being his first game in the net makes it all the more brilliant.

The combination work was another feature of the game and it showed marked improvement over the previous game. Considerable rough work was in evidence during the first half but no penalties were imposed until the last half when a player for each side drew a seat on the fence. The games now stand one each and the tie will be played out here in the near future.

Twenty-four Knights and ladies made the trip and were royally entertained by the Bassano Knights as a dance and supper.

Harding-Holliday

On Thursday, Jan. 21st, a pleasant

event took place at Old Sun School, Blackfoot reserve, Gleichen, when Alice Vera Mary Harding, eldest daughter of Arthur A. B. Harding, Esq., of Wellington, Ont., Berkshire, England, became the bride of Elmer Holliday, Hilday, eldest son of Mrs. E. C. Hilday, of Limerick Ireland.

The Rev. Canon Stucken performed the ceremony in the presence of the school staff and children and a few intimate friends.

The bride in a dainty frock of white silk with fur trimmings and veil was escorted by her sister Miss Edna in a becoming gown of lace and pale pink nylon-de-sole and wearing a large picture hat.

Mr. F. A. Williams supported the groom. The wedding music was most acceptably by Miss Elsie Bryce of the staff. After the service refreshments were served, and the happy couple left for Calgary amid a shower of rice in which the Blackfoot children enthusiastically contributed. Mr. and Mrs. Holliday will continue on the staff of "Old Sun".

Government Wants To Purchase More Gleichen Re Mounts

Here Thursday, Feb. 4

On Thursday next, February 4th, a purchasing officer and veterinary representing the Canadian Government will be in Gleichen to purchase a number of our horses for the Government. Already posters have been issued announcing this fact and it is expected that there will be a good bunch of horses here for the

officers to choose from. An important point is that the government seek to eliminate the middle man and are buying direct from the farmers and ranchers. The millennium feature was the greatest offering raised when the purchases were made in the west last fall.

BUYING GOODS AT HOME

Talking about buying goods at home reminds us that we had the pleasure a few days ago of seeing a list of groceries required by a large concern aggregating in the vicinity of \$10,000, tenders for which were called for. Not only did our local merchant man bid for this big order but every big retail grocery house in Calgary quoted prices and we are pleased to say that this good order was captured by J. A. Runway, of the Busy Store, who delivered the stock this week. This same Busy Store has during the past fall and winter made a specialty of beating out any mail-order list of outside houses and has largely increased its business by so doing to the benefit of our town. We congratulate the Busy Store for its accomplishment. This is the kind of practical work that helps boost Gleichen as a trading point.

Monday evening the members of the Gleichen No. 41, T.O.F., entertained a number of their friends at their lodge room in the Larkins Hall, when a most pleasant time was spent in cards, musical selection and dancing. Owing to the storm weather there were just as many present as expected yet they were present certainly enjoyed themselves very much.

Several of the guests have since stated the evening was one of the most pleasant ever spent in this town. A very dainty luncheon was supplied by Miss Larkin shortly after midnight, after which the entertainment was continued until about 3 a.m. when all voted the Oddfellows a hearty vote of thanks.

FOR EXCHANGE—Lots 11, 12 and 13, block 5 Bassano, 150 feet square on the corner of Second Ave. and Second St. Desirably located on the main business thoroughfare. Property clear of all encumbrances. We are prepared to entertain offers to acquire the property for cash or on terms. For further particulars apply to the owners, Ritchie, Limited, P. O. Box 34, Calgary.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Horses and cattle lost and found, for sale and wanted. Land for sale and wanted. Land to rent, rent or sell, and any other of a similar nature will get quick results by being published under this heading.

WANTED—Hds for calculating the Pioneer School. Address Mrs. J. McElate, Box 17, Pioneer School, Queensland P.O. Alberta, 45

STRAY—Taken up by John Keefe, Sept. 12, 1914, a mile east of Gleichen. 1 year heifer coming 2 years. 1 roan heifer coming 2 years. 1 red heifer coming 2 years. 1 red heifer, with white face, coming 2 years. 1 black steer coming 2 years. All branded Wx on right ribs. Gleichen, Alberta Jan. 7, 1915. Mike Brown, head trader. 45

MISS COWS FOR SALE—An exceptionally fine lot of fresh cows. Phone 1410, or write, A. Edwards, Calgary. 421.

ROOSTERS FOR SALE—A fine lot of young Plymouth Rock, Orpington, and other breeds. Phone 1410, or write, A. Edwards, Calgary. 421.

WANTED—to sell or trade young Boar pure Duroc Jersey. Apply to R. H. Hayes, phone No. B. 266. 44.

810 REWARD—For information leading to the recovery of a three year old red cow with white head, self branded Wx on right ribs. Ross 9 yrs. old cow, white head, branded Wx on right ribs. 44.

FOR EXCHANGE—Lots 11, 12 and 13, block 5 Bassano, 150 feet square on the corner of Second Ave. and Second St. Desirably located on the main business thoroughfare. Property clear of all encumbrances. We are prepared to entertain offers to acquire the property for cash or on terms. For further particulars apply to the owners, Ritchie, Limited, P. O. Box 34, Calgary. 41

CHEAP HOGS

TALK ABOUT CHEAP HOGS

BUT

Look at the Prices the Pacific Cold Storage Company are quoting on the finest Sugar Cured HAMs and BACON and pure Kettle rendered LARD

Hams 18c., Bacon 18c., Lard 15c. per pound

We guarantee every article, if not satisfactory, in every respect, money will be cheerfully refunded

PIONEER MARKET

Pacific Cold Storage Co.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal-harsh-unnecessary. Try **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, soothe the bowels, and soothe the bowels. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature *Wm. Wood*

CLARK'S

MINCE MEAT
Choice fruit etc.,—perfectly balanced—ready to use. Saves endless labour.
One quality—the best. In glass or cans.

CHILDREN TEETHING
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
USED BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THREE GENERATIONS

HERBALIST
Alver's Restorative Herb Capsules No. 2. Female Laxative Regulator. Nerve Tonic Compound. Price \$2.00. Write O. P. Alver, 501 Sherbourne St., Toronto.

A Bald Question
While Bobbie was downtown with his Uncle Ben one afternoon several friends passed and cheerfully greeted the latter.

Some moments afterward the uncle was surprised to hear the boy inquire: "Uncle Ben, when next all the hair is worn off my head will folks call me 'old top' too?"—Youngstown Telegram.

The Whale's Blow
Porpoise—What is the whale blowing about?
Dogfish—Oh, he got so many notices for his feat in swallowing Jonah he's been blowing ever since.—Exchange.

What, Again?
"Pa, you'd better hurry on 'ome"
"What's that?"
"Some of m'd relatives are at the house, and they're giving you an' me the worst of it again."—Detroit Free Press.

"Maud declares that since she's been married she has been through everything."
"Yes, her husband says she has, too."

WOMAN WEAK AND NERVOUS

Finds Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa.—"I suffered with female troubles from the time I came into womanhood until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would have paid any price to get over my troubles and I would have been so weak and nervous and in so much misery that I would have been prostrated. A friend told me that your medicine had done for her and I tried it. It made me strong and healthy and our home is now happy with a baby boy. I am very glad that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and do all I can to recommend it."—Mrs. A. B. BOSCAM, 504 E. Howard Street, Creston, Iowa.



Tons of Roots and Herbs
are used annually in the manufacture of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is known from coast to coast as the standard remedy for female ills.

For forty years this famous root and herb medicine has been pre-eminent successful in controlling the diseases of women. Merit alone could have stood this test of time.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

White Bread or Brown?

White bread was said by those who claim to be experts to be much less healthy than brown bread and we were told that the idea of eating graham bread or any bread containing part or all of the bran of wheat and other portions of the grain which are taken out in the bolting process was old fashioned and might lead to injury. Now come the medical inspectors of the French army, a group of very distinguished physicians and scientists, who say that bolting pushed beyond a certain limit eliminates the useful elements of flour in more than one respect and does nothing but improve the color of the bread. When white bread is used exclusively they have found that the men eat and need more meat, but when the flour is only partially bolted and only the coarser particles of the bran are removed the soldiers are in better health and they eat less meat, which results in superior economy and efficiency at the same time. The method of bolting flour was invented some centuries ago and it seems about time that the relative values of white and unbolted flour were settled, but the doctors can no more agree about it than they can about the therapeutic value of alcohol.—New York Commercial.

Harry Godfrey has a granddaughter in the (green-eyed) class. She has ideals all her own about things out of doors. A few days ago granddad planted a patch of potatoes in his garden. Miss Three Year Old observed the proceeding with interest. Presently darkness came on and she was missing from the family hearth. A search immediately was instituted, and to the surprise of all, they found her sitting beside a row of potatoes. "Why, what are you doing here?" granddaddy queried a bit peevishly. "Waiting for the potatoes to come up," was the reply. "Well, you come on into the house. You've scared us half to death." Unwillingly she took granddad's hand and started toward the house. Suddenly she broke away and ran back to the potato row. Pointing her finger at it as if to command, she said: "Potatoes, don't you dare come up till I get back."

"Well, scanny," said the patient druggist to the small boy who had been hanging about the store for half an hour, eagerly eyeing the candy counter. "Do you want to buy some candy?"

"Course I want, but I can't—mother sent me ter buy soap."

London's Ambulances
London, which has never yet had an ambulance, has at least ordered six of them and expects them to do all the work for the entire city. In case of past accidents the policemen have had to commandeer the nearest wagon, depending on the generosity of the driver, as they were not able to offer him anything.

Very Dangerous
Friend—Why Elvira, what's the matter?
Elvira—Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death! I've had the same girl six weeks and she doesn't talk about leaving yet.
Friend—She doesn't?
Elvira—No, not a word. She must be in love with my husband.—London Opinion.

The Horrors of War
"My country calls darling, and I have enlisted for the war."
At these words the beautiful girl burst into tears.
"And you had just begun," she said. "To do the maxixe half decently."—New York Press.

An Elixir of Life
"An annuity is the best elixir of life I know of," said the examining physician of an insurance company. "It sometimes seems as if annuitants never die. We have lots on our books who, for eighty, ninety and even ninety-five years. I have passed many a sickly and decrepit old fellow as a good annuity risk—the sicker they are, you know, the better risk they make—and the next year he has turned up to collect his annuity rejuvenated, rosy, spry as a boy. The secret? The secret is that financial worry, fear, the pothouse agonies and kills off more people than all the deadly diseases combined. Release an old man by means of an annuity from all this worry, and he throws off his years and walks erect and happy and fearlessly young."

"Why did you leave that boarding place?"
"Well, when I first went there they told me they'd treat me just like one of the family. I thought then that it was a promise, but I found out afterward it was a threat."

Under Suspicion
Patience—And you say he's not a married man?
Patience—Certainly not.
"Well, how in the world, then, did he ever learn to make so many excuses?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Nellie's Wisdom
"Mamma, I've got a stomach ache," said Nellie, aged six.
"That's because you've been without lunch. Your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the minister called and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a severe headache.
"That's because it's empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."—Chicago News.

Staging a Trial
"It would help some if you had a pretty wife."
"Alas, I am a bachelor," said the malefactor of great wealth.
"I have an idea. You plead illness and I'll have you on the stand with an attractive trained nurse in attendance."—Kansas City Journal.

Peggy—What do you think of Fred?
Jack—That depends on what you think of him.
Peggy—What do you mean?
Jack—If you like him, I don't.

Heat Between the Planets

If there is any exchange of heat between the planets, no human device can measure it, for the bolometer cannot be increased in its delicacy sufficient to detect the minute amount. That is, the platinum wire—the nerve, more sensitive than human nerves, cannot be made any thinner and held together in use. No influence of the planets upon each other has ever been detected by the most accomplished observers with the most sensitive instruments that can be made, besides two, gravitation and light. It must be that heat from the sun to the planets is absorbed by them, since none comes to the earth by reflection intense enough to be measured by an electric nerve thinner than a spider's thread.—New York American.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Shift Your Gears!

If I were going to attempt a sermon (and who does not feel himself capable of at least a couple), my first text should be upon the theme, "Shift Your Gears." I should begin with a pertinent illustration. It would be the picture of a motor car and a long hill. You size up the hill from the bottom and attempt it on the high gear. The grade proves to be steeper than you first thought. The engines begin to pound. But you have vowed to make the top on the high gear. By simply shifting over, with whatever reluctance, all would be well. Instead you let the engine fret and throb, perhaps stall itself or wreck something, for your pride's sake. This the picture. Then the moral application which every one has seen coming all along. "Now, good friends, isn't this just what we are trying to do? Are we not playing the foolish chauffeur and wearing out our engines needlessly, when we attempt to take all life's roads upon the high speeds? Shift your gears before it is too late."—E. P. Frost, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Ravages of Ants
The ruins of a splendid city on the north coast of Jamaica remain as evidence of the devastation that red ants are capable of causing. An army of the insects invaded the city one day and drove away every living creature, animal and human that could escape. Prisoners in the jail and ungrateful patients in the hospitals were devoured. Not even a rat or chinch bug remained alive.

In Liberia and other parts of West Africa ant hills are large as native huts are found. The large black ant is the builder of that sort of house. Such ant hills are not unknown in this country, although they are rarely so large; but the black ant rarely invades houses. He is a scavenger and is protected by most farmers.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Boon for the Bilious.—The liver is a very sensitive organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of bile and the sort of liquid flows into the bowels and some of it is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in **Parmelee's Vegetable Pills**, which are warranted to speedily correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

Knew His Dad
Teacher—Several of your examples in arithmetic are wrong, Johnny. Why didn't you ask your father to help you?
Johnny—"Cause I wasn't looking for trouble, that's why."—Exchange.

Lots of Checks
"Can you apply a check to your wife's extravagance?"
"Can I? She just keeps me and my account busy supplying them."—Baltimore American.

Thirsty Berlin
A census taken in Berlin at the darkest time of the evening, between half past 5 and half past 8, showed that during these three hours ninety-eight drinking places were visited by 23,436 persons. It must not be supposed that there are only ninety-eight drinking places in Berlin. On the contrary, a single street, the Elumenstrasse, which contains only eighty-four houses, has forty saloons and an inn and there is actually a street in Berlin, the Madagasscrasse, which, with only fifteen houses, has seventeen saloons and three hotels. There is very little drunkenness to be seen in the streets of Berlin, and one must stay up late to see that, but that is not because the thing is not abundant, but because the police will not tolerate any kind of disorder in public.—London Father.

"I say, dad, I've just accepted Charlie Brown's in the drawing room—and if you've a minute you might pop in and see him and talk it over; but please be quick, we've got to rush out and see about the banns."—London Opinion.

English Walnuts
The so-called English walnut is almost exclusively the product of France, whence this country imports from 15,000,000 to 25,000,000 pounds annually.

Willie (to young man caller) says, when you were a kid and some chap was calling on your sister, didn't he give you a quarter to go out and spend?

Line of Duty
Uncle Luke had been over into Calhoun county to see the son of his old master, now grown to ripe age and judicial office.

"Luke, how does Mr. John look?" asked the old gentleman. "He's getting stout, eh?"

"Yes, sah," agreed Luke. "Ah will say dat w.e. Ah saw Mas'r John ev'ry buttin on his wals'coat was doin' its duty, sah."—New York Post.

"It's Mr. Borleigh. I think I'll send him word I'm out."
"Won't the t'd, small voice reproach you?"

"Oh, yes; but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to Mr. Borleigh's."—Boston Transcript.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY

LATEST IN ALARM CLOCKS

One That Jogs the Memory For Every Engagement Listed

A "memory" clock is about the newest thing in timepieces, according to Playthings. This clock does not differ in appearance from an ordinary clock, excepting that around the outside rim of the dial there are holes as placed that there are four of them between every hour sign. They are marked 1/2, 3/4, and a star, the latter being directly opposite the hour.

With the clock is furnished a number of small brass plugs, the purpose of which is this: When one of the holes is placed in one of the holes mentioned, say at a point where it marks a quarter after 1, the clock will make a distinct buzzing noise, loud enough to attract attention, at exactly that time, regardless of how many other plugs there are in the clock.

The value of such a clock to a business man can scarcely be overestimated. As soon as he arrives at his desk he can plug up the clock in accordance with his appointments and other matter which have to be attended to at definite times. After the clock has been plugged he can proceed to work and forget all about his appointments. At the first call of the buzzer he knows that a certain matter is due for his attention, which he may promptly forget after it is attended to, sure in the knowledge that the clock will watch out for his other appointments.

Britain's Civil Service

Life in a civil service office is a very drab affair today. But sixty years ago it appears to have had its compensations. Sir Algernon West, who entered the "civil service" in 1851, recalls in his "Reminiscences" the figure of an official "always dressed in a black and snuffy suit." It was the chief clerk. This gentleman "occasionally" came to the office in the morning dressed in a great frilled shirt front and evening clothes and announced that, as he was going to dine out that evening he should not be at the office the next day. Frederick Locker, who always wore kid gloves in the office for fear he would dirty his hands with ink, "was evidently not impressed with the dignity of the man or the office, for on my asking him what his duties were, he said, 'All I know is, that whenever I want a clean towel or a piece of fresh soap, I always ring the bell and send for the chief clerk.'"—London Citizen.

An Unfortunate Phrase
"Franz der Kaiser," Napoleon's famous phrase, "who is a weak and silly ruler, had nevertheless a thorough-going belief in abolitionism and in the divine right to rule of even the most incompetent of the Hapsburgs. His abilities, such as they were, were best displayed in catechisms that he wrote and printed for the use of his numerous subjects and in his criticism of those of superior intelligence.

According to the author of a recent life of Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria entitled "An Imperial Victim," the emperor once raged against his doctor for remarking that he had "a good constitution."

"Never let me hear that word again!" he said. "Say robust health! If you like. There is no such thing as a good constitution."

"Now, I want you to be careful," said a learned counsel to the witness. "Have you ever been bankrupt?"

"No," was the answer.
"Again I must warn you to be careful. Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."
"Ah!" exclaimed the counsel. "I thought I should get at it at last. When did that happen?"

"After I had paid all I owed!"

"Yes," said the retired insurance agent, "I once induced a man to take out a twenty-five thousand dollar life insurance policy, and the very day after he got the policy he dropped dead."

"I expect you wished your persuasive powers had not been so successful."

"Well, hardly. You see, I married the widow."

A Yankee, seeing the Aquitania steaming up the Clyde after her run, said to a Greenockian, "Why, man, I've seen larger pleasure boats than that in our country."

But the Greenockian, not wanting to be outdone, said: "Don't be in such a hurry, my Yankee friend. That is only a tug going up to Glasgow for the Aquitania."

Facts About Denmark
Denmark is the smallest of the northern states with an area of about 15,000 square miles. Its population is slightly less than 3,000,000. The country is closely cultivated, perhaps most famous for its cattle, especially its milch cows of which it has about half as many as Canada. Its exports of butter to the British market are valued at over \$50,000,000, of eggs to the United States \$10,000,000, and of bacon \$40,000,000. In these three items alone it sells Great Britain produce to the value of \$100,000,000 compared to Canada's total exports of \$100,000,000 and their produce to the same country of \$47,000,000 in 1912. This little nation of less than 3,000,000 people maintains a navy consisting of 47 steam vessels, mounting 227 guns with 1,270 officers and men.

The doctors gave him up, and he retired to his home. He gave the doctors up, you see, and now he's well again.

Tourist—How exquisite! Guide—Yes; it is fine. Looking at this view invariably inspires people to give me a dollar tip.—Exchange.

Reversed

This may be a new one to some of our readers: Enter into the only drink dispensary in the dusty town an engineer on an examination trip. A small crowd surrounds a happy looking prospector who is setting them up. One man informs our engineer, "Jim just struck the thin edge of an ore body on his Red Mountain prospect today, and he's feeling mighty good." Then follows an introduction to Jim, who declares with emphasis, "Yes, sir, I am within just three feet of a million dollars." A year later, happening into camp again, our engineer encounters Jim, sitting dejectedly on a bench in front of the same dispensary. After a drink in reply to an inquiry about the great ore body Jim stated with sad emphasis, "Partner, I'm a million dollars from \$41!"—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Winter

In the winter nature ceases from her labors and prepares for the great change. The wind sweeps through the great forest with a sound like the blast of a trumpet. The dry leaves whirl in eddies through the air. A fretful work of hoary frost covers the plain. The stagnant water in the pools and ditches is frozen into fantastic figures. In the low hanging clouds the sharp air, like a busy shuttle, weaves her shroud of snow. There is a melancholy and continual roar in the tops of the tall pines like the roar of a cataract. It is the funeral anthem of the dying year.—Longfellow.

"Why is there such a hot fight over the appointment of a postmaster in this little town?" asked the stranger. "The office doesn't pay anything much, does it?"

"That ain't it, mister," replied the native. "You see, most of us are particular as to who reads our postal cards."

PERFECT HEALTH DUE TO THE BLOOD

No Girl or Woman Need be Constantly Ailing and Unhappy

Nature intended every girl and every woman to be happy, attractive, active and healthy. Yet too many of them find their lives saddened by ailing—nearly always because their blood is to blame. All those unhappy girls and women with colorless cheeks, dull skins and sunken, lustreless eyes, are in this condition because they have not enough good red blood in their veins to keep them well and in the charm of health. They suffer from depressing weariness and periodic headaches. Dark lines form under their eyes, their heart palpitates violently after the slightest exertion and they are often attacked with fainting spells. These are only a few of the miseries of bloodlessness. Nothing can rescue girls and women from the inevitable decline that follows anaemia except a generous supply of new, rich, red blood, and nothing has ever proved so successful in creating red, good blood as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Thousands and thousands of girls and women owe their good health and charming complexion to the use of this medicine. Here is one example of its power to cure. Mrs. Rose Ralli, Toronto, Ont., says: "For a long time I suffered with anaemia, long illness and general debility. In fact I was beginning to feel a positive wreck. I tried several medicines and emulsions. For a time I would feel better for taking them and then the effect would wear off, leaving me worse than before. The continued drain on my health altered my appearance, my friends telling me I had a haggard and worn appearance. This naturally did not help to improve me, as you know no woman likes to be told she looks 'worn out.' Finally Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were suggested and my husband got me a supply. I used them and found the result good—not only good, but the benefit lasting and I am now enjoying perfect health, have a good color and have regained my natural buoyancy. I trust my letter of gratitude may be the means of helping others who are suffering as I was."

New health, new strength, new vitality, follow the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get them from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Secret
At a ball masque a group of girls demanded of a magician: "Tell us, oh tell us, how we may remain always young and always beautiful!"

"Humph! Nothing easier, granted the magician. Get a million and stay single!"—Exchange.

Hardly Possible
"Landlord, what is this inscription on your windowpane?"
"Some say it was scratched with a diamond by the poet Cowper, and others say the authenticity is doubtful. I think so myself. Where would a poet get a diamond?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Foul Weather
"I noticed one thing coming across," remarked the baseball fan who had just landed: "when the ship began to pitch the passengers were all anxious to make a home run."

Try Murine Eye Remedy
If you have Red, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids, Don't Squint—Soothes Eye Pain, Druggists—See Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books Free by Mail. All Eye Trouble Does for All Eyes See How Easy Murine Eye Remedy Co. Chicago

The doctors gave him up, and he retired to his home. He gave the doctors up, you see, and now he's well again.

Tourist—How exquisite! Guide—Yes; it is fine. Looking at this view invariably inspires people to give me a dollar tip.—Exchange.

Those Who Rely on
the great home remedy which has proved its power to relieve safely and speedily the minor ailments arising from defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion, find themselves spared hours of suffering and able to ward off the attacks of serious sickness.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
never disappoint those who take them. They help the digestion, stimulate the liver, clear the kidneys and regulate the bowels. By purifying the blood they increase cheerfulness and create confidence. As actions depend on health and strength, those who know Beecham's Pills

Enjoy Life
Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helena, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

TETLEY'S
"More Cups and a Better Drink" TEA

What about your wife and children? Will they dress well after you are gone? Will your children be educated? Have a talk to-day with an agent of THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO., OFFICES:—Winnipeg, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Vancouver, Agents Wanted.

Warlike Wit
"Throughout the siege of Paris," says Ernest A. Vizetelly in his book, "My Days of Adventure," "the so-called mot pour rire was never lost sight of."

"When horseflies became more or less our daily provender many Parisian bourgeois found their health failing. 'What is the matter, my dearest?' Mme. du Bois du Point inquired of her husband when he had collapsed one evening after dinner. 'Oh, it is nothing, mon amie,' he replied, 'but I used to think myself a better horseman!'"

Then there was the soldier whose age was conventionally elastic: "When Trocrau issued a decree incorporating all national guards under forty-five years of age in the marching battalions for duty outside the city one of these guards on being asked how old he was, replied, '47. How is that?' he was asked. 'A few weeks ago you told everybody that you were only thirty-six.' 'Quite true,' rejoined the other, 'but what with rampart duty, demonstrating at the Hotel de Ville, short rations and the cold weather, I feel quite ten years older than I formerly did.'"

On Sale Everywhere.—There may be country merchants who do not keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, though they are few and far between, and these may suggest that some other oil is just as good. There is nothing so good as a liniment or as an internal medicine in certain cases. Take no other. The demand for it shows it is the only popular oil.

Pride
"What's the matter here?" asked the policeman who had been banging on the front door.
"Nothing serious," answered the man with a dusty face and no collar.
"It sounds like a drunk smashing up furniture."
"I have been doing a little furniture smashing. You see, we're going to move, and there's some of our stuff that my wife would rather burn up or send out with the trash than let the neighbors see it. So I'm on the sidewalk."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.
General—How long has the battle been in progress?
Alde—Five reels, sir.
General—Then hasten under a flag of truce to the enemy and ask them to cease fighting until our picture camera men have had supper.

Her Future Blasted
"I hear your daughter is going to retire from the stage."
"Yes, she is."
"What's the trouble? I thought she was possessed of talent."
"She is. She has a splendid voice and much dramatic ability, but she sprained a tendon in her ankle and won't be able to dance for a year or more, so she thought she might as well settle down and get married."—Detroit Free Press.

Business Was Dull
Buyer (to traveller)—No, no; nothing at all, thanks. We're overstocked now.
Traveller—Very well. But won't you just look at my samples?
Buyer—Not a bit of good. Too busy!
Traveller—Well, then, look here! Do you mind if I take the blessed things out and look at 'em myself. I haven't seen 'em for three weeks.—London Opinion.

When President Taft was on a campaigning tour, he stopped at the home of an old friend. It was a small house, not well built, and he walked about in his room the substantial little house fairly shook with his tread. When he got into bed that receptive, unused to so much weight, gave way, precipitating Taft to the floor.
His friend hurried to the door.
"What's the matter, Bill?"
"Oh, I'm all right, I guess," Taft called out to his friend, good naturedly; "but say, Joe, if you don't find me here in the morning, look in the cellar."

The Footpath to Peace
To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play, to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, to fear nothing except cowardice, to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out of doors—these are little guideposts on the footpath to peace.—Henry Van Dyke.

Camera Works on Safe Blowers
Automatic photography of safe-robbers at work is declared to have been perfected by a German inventor. The invention is based upon the oscillations of quicksilver, by means of which an electrical contact is made. The slightest concussion or tampering with the safe or wires will prove sufficient to complete the circuit and put the hidden camera in operation. At the same time the device sets off a flood of light for the picture-taking and starts the burglar alarm ringing. The robber, when caught, will be confronted with a snapshot of his own taking to establish his identity.

Her Final Resort
"What's this—black panels for the dining room?"
"I'm going to make a desperate effort to have my husband at home for dinner when the team's away, anyhow. So I have leased a wire and shall operate a score board in the dining room."—Pittsburgh Post.

Magistrate—Are you interested in this case?
Witness for the Prosecution—Yes, sir; the prisoner cut my acquaintance.—Buffalo Express.

"There's a great deal of gossip about Gwendolyn's eyebrow."
"Don't mind it. Her eyebrows are not as black as they are painted."—Baltimore American.

He—Be mine, and make me the happiest man in the world.
She—Sorry, but I want to be happy myself.—London Opinion.

Tropical Warfare
General—How long has the battle been in progress?
Alde—Five reels, sir.
General—Then hasten under a flag of truce to the enemy and ask them to cease fighting until our picture camera men have had supper.

GRANDMOTHER DIDN'T KNOW
A good cook? Certainly, but she couldn't have cooked the Indian Corn, rolled and toasted it to a crisp brown, wafer-thin flakes, as we do in preparing

Post Toasties
They are delicious with cream or milk, or sprinkled over fresh fruit or berries.

From the first cooking of the corn until the sealed, airtight packages of delicately toasted flakes are delivered to you, Post Toasties are never touched by human hand.

Grandmother would have liked

Post Toasties
---sold by Grocers.
Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

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Meets Every Monday Evening at 8
in the Larkin Hall

Visiting brethren cordially invited.

M. A. McLeod, Noble Grand
HAROLD DUNN, Recording Sec'y.

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No. 35

KNIGHTS of PYTHIAS

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Every Thursday, at 8 M.P.,
—IN—
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Whole Wheat Flour

Now extensively used in
making Brown Bread, Cakes,
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—BUY NOW—

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\$3.00 per 100 pounds, in
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Flour ground from your own
wheat, 30 cents per 100 lbs

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W. PARK EVANS, PROPRIETOR

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and Ranching District.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 Per Year. Foreign Countries \$2.00

Exchange Must be added to Checks

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1915

Next Wednesday afternoon the farmers of Gleichen will have an opportunity of hearing two very able speakers discuss the agricultural problems of the day in the Opera House. These gentlemen are sent out by the Provincial Department of Agriculture and all enterprising farmers can ill afford to miss this opportunity.

As long as a man agrees with you, you think him a good fellow. When he antagonizes your ideas and doctrines, you don't like him so well. As long as the farmer went along plowing, hoeing and harvesting, and let the professional politicians run the politics, and the monopolies nobody called him a crank or an ignoramus. When he took a hand in politics and began to question the right of others to rob him, the dogs of war were let loose on him.

While the CALL invites correspondence on questions of interest we must ask that in future writers bring out points more interesting than that appearing in "Small Ratepayers" letter of last week, or else we will be obliged to consign them to the waste paper basket. This week we are obliged to leave out another letter that is amusing but rather too personal and would accomplish little good. We also have also two letters and a poem that have been sent in without signatures and therefore have reached the w.p.b. It is hardly necessary to again repeat that all letters must be signed whether or not the writer desires his name to be published.

Secret Societies

What is the moral effect of Free Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Knights of Pythias and numerous secret societies upon the home? Solomon, the wise man, said: "Discover not a secret to another," and he had good reasons for laying such an injunction, for in his time, as at present, there were people too much disposed to tell all they knew. One half the trouble in every community, comes from the fact that so many people have not the capacity to keep their mouths shut. We have two ears but only one tongue which is suggestive of the fact that we should hear more than we tell.

By the power of a secret divulged, families, churches, neighborhoods and even nations fly apart. By the power of a secret kept, great charities, reformatory movements and Christian enterprises may be advanced. It is an often discussed question if associations that do not have their work with closed doors, and admit their members with pass words, and greet each other with a secret grip are right or wrong. Our answer is that it depends entirely upon the object for which they meet. If it is to pass the hours in revelry and obscene talk, or to plot trouble to the state, then we say with emphasis that it is wrong. But where the object is the improvement of the mind, the enlargement of the heart, the defense of the government, then we say with just as much emphasis that they are a blessing. There is no need that those who plan for right over wrong should publish to the world their intentions. Secrecy of plot and execution are wrong only when the object and ends are nefarious. Every family is a secret society, every business firm and every banking institution. Then men who have no capacity to keep a secret are unfit for positions of trust anywhere. Secret societies have done inculcable good. Some of the secret societies have poured a very heaven of sunshine and benediction into the home of suffering. Some of them are founded in fidelity to good citizenship and the Bible. Christ has given us a rule by which we may judge, not only all individuals, but all secret societies "By their fruits ye shall know them." Bad societies make bad men. Good societies make good men. A bad man will not stay in a good society and a good man will not stay in a bad society. Test these societies by two or three rules. Their influence on home. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art, or literature, or religion, or charity is breaking her own sceptre of conjugal power. Let no man sacrifice home life to secret society life, as some do. Some men are as genial as angels at the society room and as ugly as sin at home.

The New Butter Law Requires

Printed Wrappers

The Call Will Print them
at the Lowest Prices

PALM PARLORS

is open

In new Padley Block
opposite Palace Hotel

where a full assortment of

CANDIES, NUTS,

etc., will be carried, and
where will be served:

Coffee, Tea, Beef Tea,

—Bullion of all Kinds—

Ice Cream at all seasons

Buy an Irrigated Farm From The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BECAUSE:

Irrigation makes the farmer independent of rainfall, and insures good crops, not occasionally, but every year.

Irrigation makes possible the successful culture of alfalfa, the king of fodders, which insures best returns in dairying and mixed farming.

Irrigation means intensive farming and close settlement, with all the advantages of a densely populated agricultural community.

Irrigation in the Canadian Pacific Railway Irrigation Block is no longer an experiment, the year 1914 having absolutely demonstrated its success wherever intelligently applied.

You can buy irrigated land from the Canadian Pacific Railway at prices ranging from \$35 to \$75 per acre, with twenty years to pay and the privilege of a loan of \$2,000.00 for improvements (8% interest); no principal payment at end of first or second years and no water rental for first year. Assurances is also given in supplying stock in approved instances.

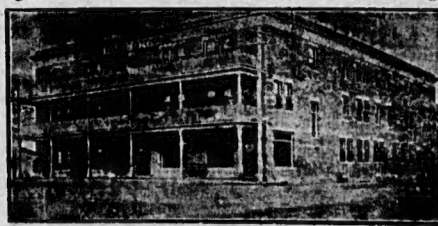
This is the most liberal offer of irrigated farm land on record. Get full particulars from

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Now Open Under New Management
—Thoroughly Renovated—

The new managers will endeavor to give
the travelling public first-class
accommodation

You know as well as we, but you put off taking out a policy. Why? You'll be provoked at yourself the day after the fire that sweeps away your savings if they are not insured. What earthly excuse have you for not seeing us to-day? We await your answer.



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15 Days of Bargain Prices



COMMENCING ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 23

Winter is not yet half over and NOW is the Time to get your Wants

Sheep Lined Coats

Corduroy and Duck, good heavy lining

Reg. 12.00	Sale Price \$7.50
Reg. 10.50	" " 7.00
Reg. 9.00	" " 5.50
Reg. 7.50	" " 4.50
Reg. 6.50	" " 4.00

Mackinaw Coats

Pure Wool

Reg. \$10.50	Sale Price \$7.50
Reg. 9.50	" " 6.50
Reg. 5.50	" " 3.75

Fur Coats

Famous Bishop Brand

Reg. \$25.00	Sale Price \$18.00
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Men's Hats

A large assortment to choose from. Newest Styles. New Shades.

Reg. \$3.50, \$3	Sale Price \$1.95
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Winter Caps

Reg. \$1.75	Sale Price \$1.00
Reg. 1.25	" " .75

Sheep Lined Vests

A few in Corduroy

Reg. \$4.50	Sale Price \$3.00
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Overcoats

Reg. \$20	Sale Price \$14.75
Reg. 22	" " 16.00

Men's Sheep Lined Moccasins

All going below cost

Heavy Grey Blankets

Reg. \$3.00	Sale Price \$1.95
Reg. 3.75	" " 2.50

Heavy Work Sox

Reg. 35c	Sale Price, Five for \$1
Reg. 50c	" " Three for 1

Men's Suits

in Tweed, Worsted and Navy Blue

Serges going at Startling prices

Reg. \$28	Sale Price \$16.00
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" 20	" " 12.50
" 15	" " 8.50

Youths Tweed Suits going at \$7.50

Heavy Comforters

Regular \$3.00	Sale Price \$1.95
Regular 2.50	" " 1.45

Men's Heavy Pants

Reg. \$4.00	Sale Price \$2.75
" 4.50	" " 3.25

Mens Heavy Winter

Shirts in Flannel and Tweed.

Reg. \$2	Sale Price \$1.35
" 1.50	" " 1.00

Pullover Mitts

in Buckskin and Horsehide

Reg. \$1.50	Sale Price 95 cents
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Lined Mitts

in buckskin and horse hide

Reg. \$1.50	Sale Price 95 cents
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Mocha Lined Mitts

Reg. \$1.50 and \$1.35	Sale Price \$1.00
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Men's Overshoes

1 Buckle Reg. \$2.00	Sale Price \$1.50
2 " " 2.50	" " 2.10
2 " " 3.25	" " 2.60

Boys Overshoes all going at 75c.

Men's Felt Shoes

Reg. \$2.25	Sale Price \$1.85
" 2.50	" " 1.95
" 2.75	" " 2.25
" 3.75	" " 2.95

Boys Felt Shoes going at 95c. per pair

Stanfield's Underwear in

Red, Blue and Black Label all reduced to actual cost also Penmans and Watson's two piece and combination suits

Congress Felt Shoes Leather Sole

Regular \$2.25 - Sale Price \$1.75

These are all new goods and of the finest quality.

Must be sold in order to make room for the arrival of Spring Goods

HICKS TRADING CO

at Blackbourne's Old Stand

A Debt Discharged

By Edgar Wallace
Ward, Lock & Co., Limited
Lender, Melbourne and Toronto

(Continued)

The working man detected a note of reticence in the other's tone and was more respectful.

"There are plenty of lodgings," he said, "and you will be able to get some clothes as soon as the shops open."

"I want them now," said Helder. "I don't want to wait. How far do you live from here?"

"About five minutes, but it isn't the sort of place you'd like to go to."

Helder brushed aside his objections. "I don't want to go to an hotel," he said. "I have reasons."

"I have reasons," he suggested, "one which was more creditable to his powers of imagination than to his morals."

"I don't want anybody to know I'm down here," he explained, "and any suit of dry clothes will do me."

He took out his pocket-book, selected two five pound notes, and handed them to the man.

"Come this way, sir," said the workman, respectfully.

He led the way to a little street of cheap villas and opened the door. He showed the way into the little parlor and lit a lamp.

"I'll go and tell the missus," he said, "and see what I can find you."

The chill room felt warm after the draughty interior of a cold storage van. In a few minutes the man came back, bearing a bundle of clothes under his arm, and with many apologies laid them out on the small horsehair sofa.

"The missus will be down in a minute," he said; "she'll get you some tea."

He went out while Helder changed. It was evident he had brought his best suit, and it was more welcome to Helder than the finest at a hotel.

He changed his appearance so that, from the fashionably-dressed man about town, he became a commonplace type of workman. He declined the collar the man offered him, but accepted gratefully a woollen scarf. He transferred from the pockets of his old clothes everything that might serve to identify him. When he was dressed the man's wife, in elegant dishabille, brought him a cup of tea and lit the little fire.

"You understand," said Helder to the man, "that I don't want this matter spoken about. I am supposed to be in London, and it would do me a lot of harm if it were known that I was gallivanting about the country."

The man nodded with a sagacious wink.

"You may trust me," he said, with a knowing smile. "What shall I do with the old clothes?"

"Dry them and keep them," said Helder.

He drank the tea and ate the two thick slices of toast the man made for him.

The day was beginning to dawn gradually; he did not wait for broad daylight before he made his way to the station. He took a workman's ticket for Romford, there he bought another ticket for London.

By luck the clerk did not take away the tickets for the first half of his journey. This was all to the good.

It was eight o'clock when he reached Liverpool Street Station. The streets were crowded with early workers on their way to their offices. It was necessary to avoid London as much as possible; he realized this. He made his way eastward, found a ready-made tailor's shop, and bought a heavy overcoat and a hat unlike any he had ever worn.

By a circuitous route which necessitated crossing the river at Woolwich, he reached New Cross, the South Eastern Station, where low trains sometimes stopped on their way to the coast.

PRESERVE BABY'S SKIN



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W. N. U. 1016

Here again luck was with him. It was much easier than he had imagined possible. He was tired out from want of sleep and his exertions of the previous night.

He dozed as far as Ashford; here he got out, for there was a five minutes' wait. He had a cold luncheon at the buffet bar and bought a paper. It was from a bundle which had just been unwrapped and had evidently come by the same train as himself. He opened it and the first news he read turned him white.

It was headed: "The International Gang of Forgers: Flight and Return of Helder, the Leader."

He hit his lip to prevent himself uttering an exclamation, and read:

"Scotland Yard has succeeded in tracking down the gang which for years has been manufacturing and putting into circulation forged United States bills. Last night Mr. Wentworth Gold, an official attached to the American Embassy, discovered the distributing centre of the gang. It was situated on the Cambridge Road, some twenty-five miles out of town. Mr. Gold, who was accompanied by a number of Scotland Yard men, arrived too late to capture the leaders, who made their escape in a motorcar."

"It was afterwards discovered that they had reached the Thames in the vicinity of Barking, where a motorboat was awaiting them. They made for the open sea and soon outpaced their pursuers."

"The torpedo boat flotilla lying in Dover Harbour was communicated with, and immediately put out and made a systematic patrol of the sea to within three miles of the French and Belgian coasts. No sign of the motorboat was seen, however, and at first it was believed that, owing to the rough weather in the North Sea, the boat was swamped."

"A discovery made this morning upsets this theory and proves without doubt that, unable to face the terrible weather, the boat put back. The men evidently landed between Clacton and Flinton, and turning the boat's head to sea, sent her out again at full speed, empty."

"By good fortune it was sighted three miles out by the T.B.D. Searcher, and with some difficulty was boarded. With commendable promptitude the officer commanding the torpedo boat destroyer noted the motorboat's course and putting in to Clacton landed a search party which found traces of the landing. These included a pair of night glasses, evidently the property of Helder."

"So far the men have not been tracked, though the police are working on the clue which they have obtained at Clacton. They have reason to believe that Helder has doubled back to London, with the object of leaving for the Continent by the regular mail service."

"All passenger boats at Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven and Harwich are being carefully watched."

Helder folded the paper carefully, and slipped it into his pocket. To go on now would be disastrous, to go back almost as dangerous.

While he was considering his line of action a northern bound train came steaming into the station and pulled up at another platform. His mind was quickly made up. He crossed the bridge and entered the train. He had no time to get a ticket, nor had he any desire to attract attention to himself. He did not doubt that the police would trace him to New Cross, but he would baffle them yet.

If he had hoped to leave the train at a wayside station he was disappointed. From Ashford to London the train ran without a stop. This would bring him into the very heart of London again; he would have to run the gauntlet of the detectives who would be watching at the station. His only hope was that they were confining their attentions to the outward bound trains. If he had any luck, he would escape between the hours at which these trains departed.

The train stopped at Waterloo. The inspectors came to collect the tickets. It was the chance he had prayed for. He left the train and walked boldly up to the barrier where the collector stood.

He took a sovereign out of his pocket, he approached the man.

"I had no time to buy a ticket at Ashford," he said.

He did not wait for the change, but pushed on. A foolish proceeding, because he was still wearing the clothes of an artisan. He recognized his mistake before he had reached Waterloo Junction.

He was playing with him that day and playing in his favor, for the detective saw him, though, as it happened, there were half a dozen watching Waterloo.

He came by the tube across London and reached Highgate. Here he made a number of purchases, including a grip and a change of clothing. With this he doubled back again, using the convenient tube to South London, took another train to Sydenham, and used the opportunity which an empty carriage presented to change his clothes. The others he placed in the grip. His purchases had included a pair of golf spectacles, and the change in his appearance was startling.

In the meantime Gold was hot on his tracks. The ticket-collector at Waterloo had told the story of the man who had given him a sovereign and told him to keep the change.

At five o'clock in the afternoon they arrested Tiger Brown at Brentford. Exactly how he came to Brentford is not of any great importance. He could tell them nothing more than that they already knew about Helder. It was almost impossible to follow the latter's movements.

"He has twisted and doubled about London," said Gold, "that I'm hanged if I know where to look next."

Helder was in fact, edging by a series of short zigzag tracks farther and farther from the metropolis. He reached Reading by the least likely of railways; he was making for Farnham, and he arrived at the western port in time to catch the Irish boat. No one saw him go aboard; there were two detectives watching the boat, but he passed unchallenged.

But Fate which had favored him so greatly, now played her most cruel card, and the story of Helder's arrest will go down to history as the most remarkable coincidence of poetic justice that has ever been known.

They woke gold in the early hours of the morning with a telegram which was from the detective in charge of the case. "It was brief," Helder arrested at Queenstown," it said.

Gold caught the early morning train and crossed the Irish Channel that afternoon. He went to the little police station on the quay. Helder was in the cell, so-called, almost insolent in his carelessness.

"Well, Gold," he said, "You've got me."

Gold nodded.

"Yes," he said, "you've had a run for your money."

Helder laughed bitterly.

"Did they tell you how I was arrested?" he asked.

"No," said Gold, in some surprise. "The incident of the great had not been detailed to him and it struck him as curious that the prisoner should regard the matter as being one worth speaking about."

Helder laughed; his back against the wall, both his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets.

"I went into a tourists' agency to get a ticket for America," he said. "I handed them two five pound notes, but they did not think much of the agent's delay in getting me the ticket. A few minutes later a detective came in and I was arrested."

"They recognized you," said Gold. "The smile on the other's face was tragic."

"They did not recognize me," he said slowly. "The two notes I handed over in exchange were forged."

Gold's eyebrows rose.

"But you did not forge five-pound notes," he said.

Helder shook his head.

"That's the cursed joke," he said, "they were somebody else's forgeries that had been passed on to me."

(To Be Continued)

Three Simple Experiments

Most people are unaware that the apparent distance of an object depends upon the use of both eyes. This fact, however, can be strikingly shown. Place a pencil so that two or three inches project over the edge of a table. The stand alongside the table, close one eye, and attempt to knock the pencil off by quickly hitting the projecting end with the tip of the forefinger. Almost invariably the person making the attempt underestimates the distance by an inch or more, and, much to his surprise, misses the pencil entirely. One-eyed people, accustomed to estimating distances with only one eye, of course have no trouble in hitting the pencil at the first trial.

To make a person think there are two marbles where only one really exists, have him cross the second finger over the first, close his eyes, and tell how many marbles he is touching when you hold a single one in contact with the ends of the two crossed fingers. The illusion is very startling, and the person almost invariably has to be shown the single marble before he believes there is only one. If a marble is not convenient, the end of a pencil or other small object may be used.

To test your ability to make your muscles work as you desire, try sliding the forefinger of the left hand backward and forward along the sides of a table; at the same time, tap in the same spot with a pencil in the right hand so that the end touches the table midway between the ends of the path the forefinger follows. At first, it is extremely difficult to make the pencil tap in the same spot without hitting the finger, but after a little practice you will find that the contrary is the case for it soon becomes almost impossible to make the object with which the tapping is done touch the forefinger or vary from the same spot on the table.

The Air Pump

Warm air is like a sponge. It will suck up a lot of moisture and carry it without spilling any. But if warm air well loaded with moisture is suddenly cooled, the sponge is squeezed and the moisture falls out as rain.

Twenty years ago some hopeful gentlemen went to the arid regions of Texas and exploded a lot of dynamite on the theory that the concussion would mix the strata of warm air near the earth with the cooler strata above and so cause the necessary precipitation of moisture. There happened to be a light shower about the time of the experiments, which encouraged the experimenters, but didn't convince anybody else.

The fact that Nature's rain-making machine is so gigantic to be affected by the tiny efforts of humans—at least by any methods so far discovered.

Nature pumps the moisture-laden air to the coldest regions of the upper atmosphere, where it is cooled to the point where it is no longer able to hold the moisture. When this tremendous wheel of air is revolving normally it hoists millions of tons of water vapor to an elevation where it can no longer be carried in solution and so falls in rain.

When the wheel is off adjustment it is as futile to bombard the sky with dynamite as it would be to fire pop-gun corks at the side of the latest dreadnought.

Lucky Name For Sailors

Among many English seafaring men there is a tradition that no man blessed with the name of Hugh Williams will ever die at sea—a tradition based on one of the most remarkable series of coincidences ever recorded in the logs of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this immunity of the Hugh Williamses from death at sea occurred in 1889, when a coal barge was caught in a storm in the North Sea and went down.

There were nine men on board, and all were lost except two, who were uncle and nephew, and each of whom was named Hugh Williams.

In August, 1890, a pleasure boat collided with another vessel and went down. There were twenty-five persons on board, most of them children, and all were drowned save one, Hugh Williams, a lad of six.

In 1875 a Hugh Williams alone survived out of 61 and in 1864 only one man—Hugh Williams—was saved out of 80.

The successful farmer has to be sharp as a razor. Lippincott's.

Their First Meeting

Mr. Harcourt tells a funny story of a high legal dignitary, who, when solicitor general, had to appear before Queen Victoria to receive the honor of knighthood.

"What am I to do?" he asked nervously of the official at the door.

"Kneel, kneel!"

Suiting the action to the word, he immediately fell on his knees, and like the funny man at a child's tea party, propelled himself along the floor on his knees. Her late majesty was overcome by laughter, all the more when she retreated "the little man followed."

And yet the little man rose to the highest post in his profession, and stood by her majesty's side as lord chancellor of England to read her address to the house of lords—London Globe.

Living's Were Chums in Everything

Laurence Irving, who, with his wife, perished in the Empress of Ireland disaster, had none of the conventional characteristics of an actor. He cared nothing for society and little or nothing for money. He was a man of wide culture, profound simplicity, and ready, eager sympathy.

His performance in "Typhoon" established his right to be considered a great actor on the English stage. He was always an extremely painstaking worker, and everything he did he did in his own way. He was indeed a real, loving, and the entirely worthy holder of a great name.

He and his wife, Mabel Hackney, were associated in everything, from the day of their marriage, and it is appropriate that they should have died together.

Laurence Irving was one of the few Englishmen who spoke Russian fluently.

Nuremberg Claims the First Watch

Where were the first watches made? Watches were first made in Nuremberg, at about the time of the discovery of America, that is, at the end of the fifteenth century. History does not seem to have preserved the name of the inventor, but he was doubtless a German. The watch was at first only a small clock, inclosed in a box, the motive power being furnished by a mainspring. Frequently they were called "Nuremberg Eggs." They were too large to carry in the pocket, and were usually worn hanging from the girdle. At first, the invention was far from perfect, but one by one the faults were overcome, until, in the eighteenth century, the watch had become what it is today.

Drink Under the Pulpit

Residents of Bellevue East in South Africa are enjoying a joke at the expense of a Presbyterian congregation whose church is situated not a thousand miles from that district.

Temperance above all things has been preached in the church with unflinching insistence from the pulpit. Late some people living in the neighborhood were interested in the fact that there was always a large number of Kafirs about the church in little knots and clusters, and at last someone—a trifle more curious than the rest—asked if there was not a native mission or chapel attached to the church. This not being the case, it became difficult to account for the presence of the natives, to whom one would hardly suppose a Presbyterian church to be of particular interest or attraction.

No doubt the church officials were puzzled, and so they set to work to solve the mystery. The solution is alike tragic, humorous, and simple. While the wife of drink and the virtues of temperance were being thundered from the pulpit the divine was to all intents and purposes, standing over a native bar, for under the pulpit were found concealed dozens of dozens of bottles of liquor, apparently stored there by the ingenious Kafir boy in charge of the church.

Right After All

Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's v'y polly, ma'am, v'y polly," answered the woman. "He's got the exclamation 'hematam!'"

"You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the lady. "Exclamatory means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction; "that's what it is. He hollers all the time."

Man at Desk—Why do you claim a trombone player is less of a bore than a pianist?

Man in Chair—He is, because he doesn't get the chance. He doesn't find a trombone in every home he visits.

She—Merely to think of that Persian lamb coat you promised me gives me a glow of warmth.

He—And merely to think of what it will cost me gives me cold shivers down the back.—Pearson's Weekly.

Isn't there anything we can do to stop that horrible yelping of that Smut next door?

Why, Harry, that's our Millie in the side yard singing!

"That's so? Gosh, hasn't that girl got some lyric soprano voice, though?"—Indianapolis Star.

The fools are not all dead yet—nope! Here's proof, if you will heed it: I am alive to write this page.

And you're alive to read it.

—Strickland Gillian, in Judge.

Betty, a bright little five-year-old, was a born gossip. It was her custom, as soon as she arrived at her grandmother's, to say:

"Come into the kitchen, g'ma, I've got a lot to tell you. A pleasure boat collided with another vessel and went down. There were twenty-five persons on board, most of them children, and all were drowned save one, Hugh Williams, a lad of six."

One day, however, she came in looking despondent.

"Any news, Betty?" inquired grandmother.

"Not much," said Betty, soberly. "William (Mabel's fiance) was over last night, but he and Mabel spelled most everything."—Judge.

ROYAL ETIQUETTE IN JAPAN

A Member of the Imperial Family Can Die Only in Tokyo

Surely there never was a more grim journey made than that of the dowager empress of Japan when she came for the last time to Tokyo.

She had died in her palace in the country. But the Japanese hold that a member of the imperial family can die nowhere except in Tokyo. Therefore the dowager empress, theoretically still alive, journeyed from her country place to the palace in Tokyo with all the ceremonial that attended her movements when living.

She travelled in the royal railway car and was driven through the streets to the palace in a curt carriage with the blinds closely drawn. The ministers and high state officials who greeted her on her past arrivals in the capital were at the station as usual and showed in no way that on this occasion they were meeting the corpse of the empress.

Troops lined the streets and present arms as she passed. Only the great crowds in the streets, standing in silence instead of loudly cheering, betrayed the fact that the imperial carriage contained a dead woman.—New York Sun.

For Johnny

Mrs. Briggs is so good looking that Mr. Briggs seldom finds it in his heart to be angry with her, but he was real cross when she returned from Florida.

"I understand," he said, "that you passed yourself off as a widow while you were away. How about it?"

"She admitted it."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Briggs, "but I suppose you are not."

"Of course I am not," said Mrs. Briggs serenely. "I only did it on Johnny's account. I wanted him to have a good time, and he did. You have no idea how kind all the gentlemen were to him."—New York Times.

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Eater puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any drugstore.

Porcelain Ships

Lines of porcelain driven by petrol may one day oust the steam-driven ship of steel and wood. The porcelain ships is the plan of W. Hales Turner, of Gravesend, a famous potter. His scheme is that, apart from the sides and framework, ships should be built of plate porcelain. After 40 years' labor and an expenditure of about \$500,000 he has been discovered now to manufacture plate porcelain at \$35 a ton in any size up to 15 by 10 feet.

Mr. Turner points out the advantages of the new material as regards cheapness, cleanliness and permanence. It is cheaper than any of its rivals, it harbors no vermin, it can be cleaned by washing, the decorations can be supplied at the time of manufacture and will never need repainting. Such a ship could be "washed up" like a china cup.

Porcelain is practically everlasting. Tiles at Nankin 4,000 years old are as good as new.

What the Forehead Tells

People who have marked talent of any sort often have one deep, perpendicular wrinkle in the middle of their foreheads, with one or two others on either side.

Long foreheads, with smooth skin and no wrinkles, characterize people of a quiet, sedate nature.

Well arched brows, with one slight perpendicular wrinkle, belong to wise and discreet persons.

Foreheads prominent just above the eyebrows denote strong individuality. A perfect forehead should have almost straight eyebrows, clear and well defined, but not heavy.

A long forehead shows intelligence; a short one, activity. The male forehead denotes great mental ability; an irregular, knotty one a bold, original and investigating mind.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A Responsible Position

The New York Mail prints the following letter, which is supposed to have been received by the editor of a Kansas paper.

Dear Sir, my friends have often urged me to run for office several times, but while I have the intrusts of the people at heart, I never had a hanker for public life, I am written to governor Hodges, asking him to have the legislator create the office of Water Melon Inspector, and to give me the job. It is a shame to the grate state of Kan. the way green and rotten water melons is being sold to the citizens of this state for nice ripe ones, the customer can't tell a ripe melon by thumping it, the merchant won't plug em, in this way grene melons is sold to the innocent an unsuspectin' public which am a felony in that it is given many by false pretenses. If you will back me with your grate paper an help me thereby git this office of melon inspector, I will promise to stop all this graft, an unlawful business uv sellin' green water melons by confiscatin all melons that after been plugged by me, it is seen they are not up to trade.

A certain type of story—that having the sudden conclusion such as "Willie Joe died a gun yesterday"—has been claimed as purely American in its origin. But as a matter of fact this kind of story is older than America itself. If you will turn to II Chronicles XVI, 13, you will find these words:

"And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

Shop Foreman (to great musician practicing on the French horn)—The factory owner the way sends their compliments, and will you switch off on to another note "cor a lot of the 'ends' are mistook for the dinner hour."—The Tatler.

He—You understand what a margin in stocks is, don't you?

She—Oh, yes. That's the money you put up and lose.

Value of Pearls

There has lately been exhibited at a court jeweler, in Bond street, London, a striking collection of pearls. One magnificent rope is valued at no less than \$300,000, while for a single pearl-shaped drop, perfectly symmetrical, \$70,000 is asked. But probably the most exquisite article in the collection is a single necklace of gems of extraordinary hue, the matching and graduation being superb. The cost of this article is \$170,000.

But the owners warn a would-be purchaser that if one of the stones were lost it would be impossible to replace it with an exact duplicate. Black and pink pearls also found a place in the exhibition; whilst a passing reference must be made to a pair of button-shaped earrings valued at \$40,000.

One of the representatives of the firm gives a word of advice upon the preservation and treatment of pearls upon no account, he said, should they be locked up in a safe or other dark place for lengthy periods, since such treatment soon causes them to lose their life and become dull.

If their fair owners find that for some reason or other they cannot wear them outside their garments they should make a point of wearing them underneath their dress, next to the skin. Constant contact with the human skin gives pearls a soft, light lustre, gloss and sheen. The best possible way to keep pearls in a perfect state of preservation as well as to prolong their life, is to wear them always, both by night and by day.

Put Both Feet in It

For two or three days on one occasion Speaker Lowther was away from the house of commons through illness. On one of these days a Liberal walked in, a west end club and there met Mr. Gully, the son of the late Speaker. "Ah," said he unthinkingly, "Lowther is the best speaker we've ever had." Too late he realized his faux pas. But more was to come. In an adjoining room he met Mr. Peel. "Oh," he gasped, "I've just said such a stupid thing. I met young Gully and he corrected me. I know Lowther was the best speaker we ever had." Now, Mr. Peel was also the son of a previous speaker. "I dare say," he replied to the unhappy Liberal, "that if you went outside and walked down the street you might meet one of the Brands." Mr. Speaker Peel was the successor

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No matter what you want in livery or horse feed see

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NOTICE

All persons are hereby warned against buying any grain, hay or other produce, cattle, horses, wagons, harness, saddles, mowers or rakes from any Indian of the Black-foot reserve without an officially printed permit issued by the Indian Agent.

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Standard Notes

(Special Correspondent)

The Dana School district held their annual meeting on January 17th when many matters of interest were discussed. The single tax question received a full share of the debate and it appeared the majority of the farmers do not like the single tax idea very well, it being pointed out that they must pay for the town as well as for themselves.

The addition to the school will soon be ready for occupation, when it will be necessary to employ another teacher. There are now over 40 pupils enrolled and there are about 50 of school age in the district, which is a pretty good showing for the Standard locality. The same board of school trustees that acted last year were elected to office.

"THE PLAYERS" DRAMA

"The Players" a high-class stock company specially selected in the east by Mr. Theo. Johnston, late of the Winnipeg Permanent Players, and Glazer Stock Company, to play in the Grand Theatre in Calgary on account of the inability of the management of that theatre to secure road attractions during the war period are to appear at the opera house in Gleichen for one night only, Friday, January 29th.

They will present a great domestic comedy-drama written by Marion Fairfax, called "The Talker."

The play deals with a woman who is inclined to lean towards the free life for women, and although she keeps within the bounds of a matrimonial field, she talks so much and incites her young and innocent sister-in-law with the idea of living her life as she sees fit, that the young girl runs away with a married man and leaves her young and honest lover. She however is deserted in a very short while by the man, and after three long years of suffering and want she returns to the home of her brother and tries to steal some money. However her sister-in-law sees her, and persuades her to stay and she is finally returned to her sweetheart. Miss Marion Fairfax has woven this plot into another one between the husband and wife. The wife, after she realizes what harm she has done by her silly talking tries to remedy matters by acting instead of talking and in the meantime the husband manages to make the home more comfortable and becomes a very successful man in business. However, after his sister's downfall he does not feel the same towards his wife, and although they live together, it is only because of conventionality and in order to avoid disgrace, but in the end after the sister's return we see how each one, although they had forgiven each other for a long time, but were afraid to say so, tell one another about it and a reconciliation is effected.

The dialogue is very clever and serves to teach a very strong moral to both sexes, and old and young alike and who knows, but what it may serve to save someone from doing just the same as this woman did.

Mr. Guy Harrington, the leading man with Mr. Johnston's company will play the part of Harry Lennox the young husband, and Miss Beale MacAllister, the popular leading lady, will play the part of "The Talker," or of his wife, Mrs.

Lennox. Miss Grace Johnston, the pretty little ingenue with the company will portray the sister who tries to live her own life, and Mr. Johnston himself will be Mr. Fells, the neighbor, and his daughter Margaret will be played by Miss Emma Briswalter, Lonnie Whinnston, the young lover will be played by Mr. Charles Peyton, and from the good work this capable young man has done in Calgary it can be judged that this part will be presented in a manner which will be well worthy of the class of this company. Jessie Smith the well-meaning neighbor lady will be produced by Miss Florence Templeton, and Elisabeth the maid by Miss Sharples, and the part of Ned Hollister, the villain or blackguard, by Mr. Edmund Roberts, the "heavy" man with this company.

This is the first time that a really high-class company has ever visited Gleichen, and the first time that such a splendid offering as "The Talker" has ever been seen here, and it would be well for those going to book their seats well ahead of time so as to ensure getting them.

The play is being given in aid of the Gleichen Relief Corps and it is to be followed by a dance for which the music will be supplied by the 103rd Regiment Orchestra of Calgary. It is hoped that everybody will make a point of attending.

Peter Maclean Writes

(Continued from page 1.)
plain statement regarding the town of Stettler.

The Liberal party were responsible for the Single Tax enactments on the Statute Book. One of their own party—Bob Shaw—who is well known to some of the older inhabitants of Gleichen, realizing that there was a big difference between theory and practice, especially in the case at Stettler, had a special act passed permitting that town to revert to the older system of taxation. I am decidedly in favor of single tax in theory but I realize only too well that in Gleichen theory and practice are not turning out as expected.

Now, will Mr. "Small Ratepayer" show me where there is any political prejudice in the foregoing? That the matter may be more convincing I will add a few more facts.

As a result of the 1913 tax enforcement there is in the town sale the title deeds to 22 lots.

On the 1914 tax enforcement return there are 133 undeeded lots with taxes against them at the present time amounting to \$3,801.61.

On the 1915 tax enforcement return now completed there are 202 lots with taxes against them amounting to \$4,427.78.

It will thus be seen that there is a prospect of the town becoming the owner of 357 lots. Meantime the taxes are carried forward from year to year on the town books against these lots but they don't represent revenue until the lots are redeemed or sold.

Now, Mr. "Small Ratepayer," since you think so much of the town, do the right thing and buy those lots from the town and relieve it of the dead-weight.

Leaving joking aside, who is going to make good the lost revenue during the time those lots remain in the safe.

Ask yourself "Small Ratepayer" and all the other ratepayers of Gleichen, whether your property is an asset or a liability, and I think you will think as I do, that it is a great big LIABILITY.

PETER MACLEAN.

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